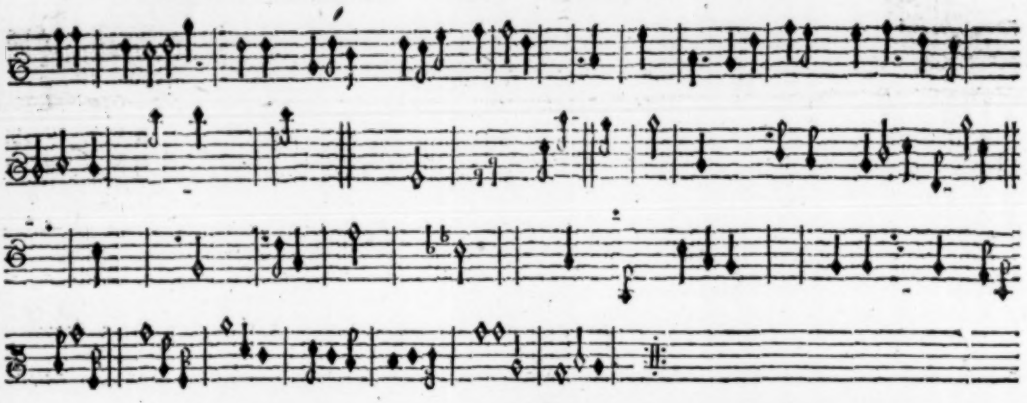
A MAN in Favour,

OR,

The way to Preferment.



To the Tune of, Would you be a Man of Faſhion.

I.

WOuld you be a Man in Favour?
Would you have your Fortune kind?
Wear the Croſs and Eat the Wafer,
you'll have all things to your Mind:
If the Prieſts cannot Convert you,
Int'reſt then muſt do the thing.
There are Fryers can inform you,
how to pleaſe a P——— T———.

II.

Would you ſee a Papiſt Lowring,
loſt in Hurry and a Fright;
With their *Father Peters* Scowring,
glad of happy time for Flight.
Stay but while the *Dutch* are Landed,
and the ſhow will ſtraight appear;
When th' Infernal Sp'rits disbanded,
few will ſtay for Tyburn here.

III.

If Preferment you'd be gaining,
Or advanc'd be nigh the Throne;
Bribe ſome pious Pimp, pertaining
to the Whore of Babylon.
Prieſts are now the ſacred Noddyes,
that ſpur on the hateful Cauſe;
They from Tyburn ſave their Bodies,
by diſpenſing with our Laws.

IV.

Peters was the Popiſh Darling,
now has left us in the lurch,
And has quite giv'n o'er his ſnarling,
and his ſnapping at our Church.
Now t[illegible] *Dutch* are come to right her,
Pete[illegible]dly fears a Cord:
For the [illegible]ince will bite the Biter,
and his Holy Cheats reward.

V.

All [illegible]e catchpole Prieſts be ſpeedy,
fo[illegible]ad Times are coming on;
Ty[illegible]rn groans and will be greedy
for all you that are not gone.
Haſt and follow *Father Peters*,
Popery muſt now go down;
The King no more will truſt ſuch Creatures
to be plac'd too nigh his Throne.

VI.

Now the Prieſts are all Confounded,
and their vile Intriegues are croſt;
By the *Dutch* they are ſurrounded,
and penn'd up within our Coaſt:
Many Aching hearts, I fancy,
are amongſt the todpole Train,
If they were got ſafe beyond-Sea,
they'd ne'er trouble us again.

Printed for *J. H.* 1688.